GNOSIS: APOCRYPHON 9/12

And so this thought came unsolicited
To Ialdabaoth: 'Blow into his mouth
Your holy breath, and what you made will rise.'
And so, unwittingly, the demiurge
Released the prison door: the pneuma fled
From out those boastful lips, and found a home
By transmigrating to the psychic breast
Of Adam, tabernacling in a shrine
They patterned on what they had briefly glimpsed
Of holiest of holy from afar.
That body stretched its limbs and waxed in strength,
Transfigured by the glory of true life.
Elsewhere, within the stony hearts of all
The Powers the bitter weed of envy sprang,
For they believed this fragrant bloom was fed
By them - that their hearts' blood had soaked the soil
From whence it sprang, and that it was their own
Vitality that ran along the veins
Of that bright Man. Their flaws exposed by his
Wise luminosity, they cast him in
A pit, and heaped around him all their dung,
Corrupt excrescence of their futile days.
So Adam came within the mortal sphere,
Coiled there and then of base material,
Engendered from desire within the dark,
Enlivened by a soulless breath, mere air.
Thus was our fetter forged, our dungeon made,
By which these bandits now enslaved the Man,
Who, in the darkness, soon forgot the light
And grew accustomed to the stench of death.

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